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SOME CITY NEEDS.

THERE IS MORE than a joke in the comment of a Brigham street resident who spoke so feelingly to the council of the "Sunflower district" on that thoroughfare.

While the sunflower itself is a magnificent plant, typically American in its richness of color, its hardness and ability to thrive anywhere and under almost any conditions, its value as a street decoration is questionable.

A walk down Brigham street or, indeed, almost any Salt Lake residence street, reveals a great luxuriance of sunflowers, jimson weed, mint, and other plants akin to nature's landscape gardening on a country lane. Not only is the vegetation dense along the roadside, but between the car tracks, around the poles of the telephone and power companies, in the flumes and everywhere a weed can find foothold.

With an abandon more restful than public-spirited, the citizens of Salt Lake accept these rural emblems of thriftlessness as a matter of course, like whooping cough or measles; and the weeds are passed along to the next fellow in much the same way as epidemics of other diseases are transferred, by neglect and indifference.

Since it is an almost hopeless task for the city administration to attempt the eradication of the weed nuisance, why can't the property-owners look after them? Why shouldn't the owners of vacant lots be compelled to clean up and remove those centers of weed distribution and infection? In other words, why shouldn't there be a concerted effort to make Salt Lake what it ought to be, the most attractive city in the west, the cleanest as well as the most beautiful by nature?

Other cities have suffered from the same causes and have succeeded in getting rid of the evils. St. Paul, for instance, had a hard fight to get rid of the vacant lot nuisance and it was not until the women's clubs took up the matter and showed that unoccupied real estate could be made beautiful at little expense, that a general house-cleaning was effected. Then the bill-board nuisance was attacked and a reform effected, the back-yards came in their turn, and neighborhood clubs for the ornamentation of unsightly grounds became fashionable.

In St. Paul, in Columbus, O., in a dozen other cities, it has been demonstrated that a clean city, like a clean house, is a profitable venture. It means a lower death rate, better health generally, more pleasure in living, higher prices for real estate where cleanliness and beauty prevail in place of ugliness and unclean premises.

It is about time for Salt Lake to clean house and the real estate exchange, the commercial club, the women's clubs, as well as other public organizations could do no better work than to enlist the interest of the people generally in this need.

CASE OF MRS. MAYBRICK.

MRS. FLORENCE MAYBRICK, after years of confinement in an English prison where, a great majority of her fellow citizens believe, she was unjustly held, has returned to her native land. No attempt to annoy Mrs. Maybrick was made by the immigration officers, though, under a strict interpretation of the statutes, she should not have been admitted. Indeed, it was intimated at one time that she would not be permitted to land here.

A federal statute provides that foreigners who have been convicted of a crime must not be admitted. Born in America, Mrs. Maybrick became a citizen of Great Britain when she married Maybrick, a British subject. These are admitted facts, just as it was admitted that she had been, however unjustly, convicted of a felony. The matter was brought to the attention of Immigration Commissioner Sargent by the New York office of the bureau.

Mr. Sargent promptly announced that no effort to detain Mrs. Maybrick or to embarrass her in any way would be made. More, Mr. Sargent said Mrs. Maybrick would be shown every possible consideration, and she was. But the reason given by Mr. Sargent for his action was ingenious. He is quoted as saying that, in view of the many efforts made in the United States to secure the release of Mrs. Maybrick, "it would go hard with any human who would attempt to quibble about such a matter as that." In other words, the law's provisions were overlooked in the case of Mrs. Maybrick because Mr. Sargent feared any other action would cost the present administration some votes. And this is the sort of presidential year when every vote is going to count.

While nobody will object to the admission of Mrs. Maybrick, for, to all rational intents and purposes, she is still an American citizen, as she was before her marriage. She surely has no reason for claiming allegiance to Great Britain, for Great Britain has treated her very badly indeed. The meat of the matter is the precedent established. If the law can be suspended in the case of Mrs. Maybrick, why not in some other case? And if one law can be suspended, why not any or all laws?

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC METHOD.

AMATEUR photographers will be deeply interested in the new photographic method which has just been perfected by a Frenchman, M. Albert Nodon. The system is briefly described by M. Nodon in a recent issue of Cosmos, Paris. He says, in a translation made for the Literary Digest:

"If we divide the luminous spectrum into two unequal parts, choosing as a point of intersection a region in the yellow or the green, we shall (by combination of the tints in the two sections) obtain two distinct colors, which will produce white by juxtaposition. If we project these two colors on the same point of a screen, we shall see that the resultant white will not appear unless the relative intensities of the two colors are respectively equal to what they were in the original spectrum."

"If we cause the relative brilliancy to vary, we shall see on the screen the whole series of spectral colors, diluted with white, excepting only the colors of the extremities of the spectrum—that is, red and violet. If we divide the spectrum in the yellowish-green, we shall obtain for the resultant color for the right-hand section an orange and for the left a blue. If we vary the relative intensities of these two colors, we have successively red-orange, orange, yellow, green, green-blue, and blue."

"By dividing the spectrum at another point, isolating the central part, the greenish-yellow, on one hand, and uniting the extremes (red-orange and blue-violet) on the other, we shall obtain a green and a purple. The union of these two enables us to get other colored combinations than the preceding, including more vivid shades of red and green."

It should be very easy for amateurs who read this description carefully to make all sorts of lovely photographs by the new method. Nothing could possibly be simpler, clearer or easier. We may now expect to see pictures of the kind described displayed in the album of every man and woman and child who has energy enough to snap a kodak.

RUSSIA'S BLOODY LIST.

WHY THERE SHOULD BE, as there always is, a scramble among the Russians for high place, must forever be a mystery to those who read the list of recent assassinations in Russia as compiled by Black and White, London. The Russians in high place must know from their experience of their predecessors that at any moment the bullet or the bomb of the nihilist may end their existence. Nevertheless, no place that is really worth while goes without seekers.

According to the Black and White summary, "the predecessor of Plehve, the recently assassinated minister, was assassinated in April, 1902. He had succeeded Bobrikoff, governor of Finland, who was killed in June last, while General Boydanovitch, governor of Ufa, was assassinated in May, 1903. In February, 1901, Bogoloff, minister of education, was assassinated. Attempts have also in the last three years been made on the lives of Metlinko, chief of police; Prince Galitzin, governor general of the Caucasus; Prince Obolenski, chief of police of Kharkoff; General De Wahl, governor of Vilna; and Mr. Pobiedonostoff, the unpopular procurator of the synod or minister of religion."

No country in the world shows so bloody a record. And the list seems particularly appalling at this time, when Russia has her hands more than full with the war in the east.

Judge Parker says he does not believe it would be the correct thing for him to go around the country making campaign speeches. We are inclined to agree with him, in the light of the experience of the last Democratic candidate for the presidency who did that sort of thing.

An authority says the Russian squadron at Port Arthur has a few good dashes left in it. That's queer. We thought the Russian officers who have been so often defeated around Port Arthur had used up all the dashes in that vicinity.

Presidential Candidate Debs says his vote will surprise people. Does he intend to show his patriotism by voting against himself?

Russia's czar has decided to abolish corporal punishment in his empire. Nicholas has a boy of his own now, you know.

What He Did.
(Portland Oregonian.)
Last Wednesday afternoon a gray-bearded man on a bicycle, wheeling rapidly down Seventh street, encountered a loaded beer wagon at the corner Stark. The biker wanted to turn down Stark, and the teamster wanted to turn up Seventh. A collision resulted, from which the elderly biker escaped with astonishing agility. His wheel was less fortunate, "sustaining" a bent frame and a broken tire.

The teamster had promptly brought his horses to a standstill, else it had gone worse for both biker and team. "Don't you see how bad?" exclaimed the driver, sympathetically, as the wheelman gathered his damaged property from under the horse.

"Too bad! Well, I should say so, but that don't buy bicycles. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"I've got to go to do about it," repeated the driver in surprise.

"Yes, you were on the wrong side of the street. I was on the right hand side. If you'd been on the right hand side, where the lay was you belong."

"Bud I vos on der same side mit you—if you vos on der right side, I vos too."

"No, you wasn't. Now I want to know what you're going to do about this?"

"I've got to go in to do"—the driver was now thoroughly roused—"I will tell you—your chust go by yell and ged out of my way. Ged-ap!"

KOLITZ EXCURSION
To Ogden, Sunday, Aug. 28.
Special train leaves Salt Lake via D. & R. G. R. R. at 10 a. m. Refreshments served free on the train. First class service up the canyon. Trout and chicken dinners at the Hermitage. Everybody invited to join in a grand outing.

EUREKA AND RETURN
Next Sunday, Aug. 28.
Special train via D. & R. G. R. at 8:30 a. m. from Salt Lake.

Young & Fowler have moved. Now located in the new basement at 32 Main st., opposite Z. C. M. I.

SOCIETY

Miss Florence Kimball and Miss Jenna-Budd Geddes entertained at a dinner last evening complimentary to Miss Nora Van Hook who will open a school with them in the autumn. The Kimball home was beautifully decorated for the affair, the parlors and library being in yellow, while the dining room was done in quantities of pink sweet peas. Beds of the flowers filled the center of the table and candelabra shaded in pink lighted it. The porch was decorated in Oriental style with many divans and rugs. The guests, besides Miss Van Hook, were Miss Eloise Sadler, Miss Beth Dunbar, Creighton Brown, Hooper Dunbar, Ross Brown, Harold Fabian and Roger Sherman.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Bamberger entertained a small party of friends at the Lagoon last evening. The party went out on the 5:30 train, and after a delicious supper under the bathing, dancing and other pleasures of the resort.

The new year-book of the Daughters of the American Revolution will shortly be issued, the work being in the hands of Mrs. M. A. Breeden, Miss Anna Murphy and Mrs. George Fisher.

Mrs. L. L. Terry entertains at a luncheon today in honor of her guest, Mrs. W. A. Akers.

Miss Susan Sawyer will entertain this afternoon in honor of Miss Helen Bamberger and Miss Olive Bartch.

Mrs. Sol Siegel entertains at a children's party next Wednesday for her little son.

Mrs. C. S. Price has returned from Oakland, where she has been the past few months with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Oliver of Shelton, Neb., will arrive in the city Monday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Young at 819 East Fifth street.

The younger bridge club met yesterday morning with Miss Stella Salisbury.

Miss Eliza Curtis, who has spent the summer on the coast, is expected home today.

Miss Anna Bond of Denver is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Miller.

Miss George Alexander, who spent some time here last year, is again a guest at the home of Miss Margaret Ryan.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis and their children have returned from their camp up in Parley's canyon.

The Rev. W. S. Leete, with his mother of Emporia Kan., is visiting Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Perkins this week.

Mrs. Thad W. Naylor of Logan is a guest of her mother in Centerville during the absence of Mr. Naylor in the east. Later she will visit friends in Salt Lake.

Mrs. George Edward Curtis, who has spent the summer with her aunt, Miss Rider, will leave for home this week to join Mr. Curtis in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Earle and family have returned from a visit of some weeks at the Salt Lake fair.

Miss Grace Stanchfield, who has spent the summer in the east, will return the latter part of next week.

Miss Florence Grant is in Ogden visiting friends.

Mrs. James A. Kimball and her daughter, Miss Joe Kimball of Ogden, spent yesterday in Salt Lake.

REAL CHIVALRY AT POKER.
General With a Straight Flush Spared the Major With Four Kings.

"Poker is a mean game," said the traveling man. "It doesn't give one's finer feelings any show. You can't be charitable, because if you try to lose you either win like thunder or the other sees what you are doing and gets over. The game doesn't lend itself to delicacy."

"Ah'm sorry to hear you say that, sah," said the colonel, "because Ah can't agree with you."

You'll have to give us something in support of your opinion, colonel."

Ah should be delighted—Ah can vouch for the accuracy of what Ah'm about to tell, because Ah was there."

"It was two years after the war, gentlemen, that Ah happened to be 'fistin' an old friend of mine, whom Ah will call the Major. Two othah gentlemen, the general an' the captain Ah call them, were also there."

"We had known one another befo' the war an' been in the same regiment during the late unpleasantness, an' we din't together fo' the first time fo' many years. Of course we were glad to see each othah, but we were feelin' powerful sad just the same."

"The major was plum ruined, an' he only had the house he lived in, an' that mortgaged. It was especially hard in his case, because he showed us a great chest half full of Confederate bills."

"The captain was livin' on what he made off raisin' a few raccoons, an' Ah was as po' as the rest."

"The general was the most uncomfortable of the crowd, because he alone was prosperous. Cudd had been found on his estate, an' he was worth about a hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, we kep' gettin' sadder an' sadder ovah the change in the world until the mint cups came in. Then we perked up, an' one o' us suggested a pokah game."

"It was the evenest game Ah ever saw, gentlemen, until a naid when the major an' the general both stood pat, raisin' one an'oken till all the gnips were in the pot."

"The major looked at his hand regretful like, and said he hated to stop, but he had no mo' mo'eh."

"Ah beg of you," said the general, "not to let a small doubt like that interfere with your pokah."

"Gentlemen, Ah could see what the major was thinkin'—he was sayin' to himself: 'Ah have a life insurance policy that will do mah daughter, an' then he said:—"

"Ah raise you \$12,000, general."

"Ah call you with a low straight flush, major," replied the general.

"The major tossed fo' kings and an ace into the discard an' we all sat silent."

"Then the general spoke:—"

"The war is ovah, gentlemen," he said, an' we are together heah aftah a long time. There ain't any mo' Confederate states existin' in our out hearts. There ain't much pleasure left fo' any of us, but Ah would like to considah this evenin' as bein' one back in the old times an' unduh the old conditions. Major, will you go to that chest an' bring me \$12,000 in ouah money?"

"The major never said a word, just went an' brought twelve thousand dollar Confederate bills to the general."

"Then somehow we found ourselves standin' an' drinkin' a silent toast, not to Confederacy, but to somethin' the end of the war had not taken from the south."

And then the colonel stopped short and looked solemn.

It was the traveling man that broke the silence.

"Colonel," he said, "I wish you would have a drink with me."

"I should be delighted," said the colonel, emerging suddenly from the brown study into which he had fallen.

"WEARING OUT" HEADACHES.

Sometimes people say, "Oh, I'll wear out this headache. No use taking anything." But the "wearing out" is pretty hard on racked and tortured nerves, all that extra pain inflicts a permanent ink-y on them.

"We never could see the philosophy of enduring pain unnecessarily. If you get a cinder in your eye, you don't try to 'wear it out,' you have it removed as quickly as possible.

Why not remove the headache too? No need for anyone to suffer from a headache.

Hill's Headache Tablets
cures quickly. No "ifs" or "ands." You take two of these tablets, in 15 or 20 minutes your headache is gone or you get your money back. Dozen doses in each box 25 cents. Compounded only by us.

F. J. Hill Drug Co.
Corner Opposite Postoffice
Both phones 54, quick delivery.

Husler's Flour

If you don't like there's nothing lost—the money you paid for it is held in trust at your grocer's until you're sure you'd rather have the flour.

INVESTIGATE
And you will find that you can buy the best goods for the least money in the city. Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Clocks and Optical Goods, and cheaper than you can buy it at any other place in the city at

SAL SICKLE,
THE JEWELER.
25 East Second South Street, Between Commercial and State Streets.

Beaten at the Start.
(Cincinnati Enquirer.)
Tod Sloan had been halted in Cincinnati by the Bridgeport police for speeding his forty horsepower French automobile at a rate illegally high.

The young man explained that he was trying to break the record between New York and Boston, and he paid his fine good humoredly from a roll of bills so thick that he could hardly see it out of his pocket.

constable advised Mr. Sloan against racing. He pointed out the inevitable danger of every kind of high speed contests.

"You, I perceive," said the young man, "believe only in the kind of racing that my friend Peter Sandys won a small bet by."

"Peter had been a jockey, but fat and old age had put him out of business. He was only five feet tall, but he weighed 180 pounds, and he was 58 years old. Naturally, he wasn't taken for a sprinter anywhere."

Nevertheless he offered to race me one day."

"I'll race you and beat you," he said. "If you'll give me a yard's start, for \$5."

"I'll take that bet," said I. "Where shall we race?"

"Up a ladder," said Sandys.

Would Show No Mercy.
(Puck.)
Hogan (calling on next door neighbor)—I suppose you've heard it. Hogan, classical music that's bin imatin' from me residence for th' pasht wake or so? We got wan av thim mechanical pianny players on thrille.

Clancy (cheerily)—Oh thrille, is it? Glory be! I only wish I wor th' judge!

Anthmetical.
(Philadelphia Press.)
"Waal, I swear!" exclaimed the farmer, "you pesky critters air gittin' more numerous than ever."

"Yes," replied the rabbit, "don't you know how to multiply, though?"

"Mebbe ye do," replied the farmer, bringing his gun to bear upon the rabbit, "but I know somethin' about subtraction. Here goes!"

C. M. Law, Florist
Successor to the Salt Lake-Huddell Florist Co., No. 214 E. Second South. Telephone No. 27. Decorating parties of all kinds in stock. Funerals and wedding decorations a specialty.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE!
That is a bad astigmatic eye made up to a good eye. We examine your eyes and make you a pair of glasses that will do the work. Can other say as much?

RUSHMER'S
Tel. 153-K. 73 West First South St.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE!
That is a bad astigmatic eye made up to a good eye. We examine your eyes and make you a pair of glasses that will do the work. Can other say as much?

ANSWER—
Is that Culmer's? Yes, ma'am.

Will you please have your driver call and get back one gallon of

NEW ERA PAINT
It did not take as much as when painted with another brand of paint—New Era covers more surface than any other brand.

Culmer's, 20 E. 1st So.
Phones 512

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ANGER OF A PRIESTESS.

Remarkable Fatality Attaching to Mummy Case.
(London Express.)

In a corner of the first Egyptian room at the British museum, behind the crutching body of the prehistoric chief who lived before there were Pharaohs in Egypt or pyramids on the Nile, stands a woman moulded from some ancient form of cardboard. She is merely a shell, the cover of a mummy case. Her hands are crossed above her breast, and her dark eyes stare forward into vacancy.

According to the catalogue she is No. 2244, a prehistorical royal personage and a priestess of the College of Amen Ra. She lived in the mighty city of Thebes some 1,600 years before Christ.

And about this same mummy cover there hangs as terrible a story as ever an Edgar Allan Poe or a Balzac or Kipling produced from a gloomy imagination.

If you question the attendants in the Egyptian room they will shake their heads and say nothing. But there is a famous professor in the museum who knows that the facts are true, though whether they be a coincidence or a manifestation of supernatural power, he can say. There is a second professor of the more exact sciences and a traveler of distinction who are equally well informed.

For three months I have been gathering the tangled threads of evidence. I have now in my possession proofs of the identity of all those who suffered from the anger of the priestess of Amen Ra. Last for the sake of friends and relatives I have been requested to suppress the names.

"About the middle of the 60's a party of five friends took ship in a dahabeah for a trip up the Nile. They traveled to Luxor on their way to the Second Cataract, and stayed there to explore the ruins of the great wonderful city of Thebes, with its avenues of sphinxes and rams, its vast hall of columns and its temple of Amen Ra, which is unequalled on earth in the sublimity of its ruined magnificence.

"One night an arab sent by Mustapha Aga came to one of the number, Mr. D., as we may call him, saying that he had just found a mummy case of unusual beauty. What became of the mummy the man did not explain. The next morning Mr. D. bought the case. Both he and his companions were impressed by its remarkable beauty and by the curious face of the woman portrayed, a face that was filled with a cold malignancy of expression unpleasant to witness.

"They had agreed that, being all interested in Egyptology, they should apportion their finds by lot, and so though Mr. D. had been the cause of its discovery, he lost the mummy cover, which passed to a friend, whom we will call Mr. W."

"It was on their return journey that the series of misfortunes commenced. Mr. D.'s servant, having taken him a gun, when without visible cause exploded, the charge lodging in his arm, which had to be amputated; a second died in poverty within the year; a third was shot while Mr. W. was the owner of the mummy case, discovered on his arrival in Cairo that he had lost a large part of his fortune. He died soon afterward. The priestess of Amen Ra had signified her displeasure in a very convincing manner."

"From the date it was shipped on board the steamer Mr. D. lost sight of the mummy case for several years. He did not at the time in any way associate the misfortunes that had occurred to the mummy with its discovery; but when he next heard of it and had full information of the disasters which had been subsequently associated with the possession, he had no doubt that it was not merely chance, not merely a coincidence that had brought so sinister a fate on all who had dealings with the priestess of Amen Ra."

"On the arrival of the case in England it was given by its owner, Mr. W., to a married sister living near London. From the day the case entered the house misfortune followed misfortune. The family suffered large losses, and the end came with painful troubles which need not be specified."

"The lady, while in possession of the case, received one day a visit from Mme. Blavatsky. The great theosophist being very disturbed on entering the room, and after a few minutes conversation told her hostess that there was something in her house possessed of a most malignant influence. She asked to be allowed to exorcise the house, and on discovering the coffin lid appealed to her hostess to send away an object which she described as of the utmost danger. Her hostess, who refused, laughing at what she imagined to be an example of foolish superstition."

"Some time afterward the lady sent the case to a well known photographer in Baker street. Within a week the chief of the firm came down to this lady's house in a state of great excitement. He had, he said, just photographed the face with the greatest care and he could guarantee that no one had touched either the negative or the photograph in any way. Yet it was not the cardboard features that looked out of the photograph; but a living Egyptian woman staring straight before her with an expression of singular malevolence. Shortly after the photographer died suddenly and mysteriously."

"It was about this time that Mr. D. happened to meet the owner of the coffin lid, and begged her, upon hearing her story, to get rid of it at once. She agreed, and a carrier